STEAMER EUGENIE GOES ASHORE ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND.

Mrs. Hansen Reaches a Rocky Ledge Over a Swaying Line of Spliced Ladders-Courage Saved the

Ladders—Courage Saved the
Shipwrecked Crew.

The New York Journal says behind the prosalcally simple entry of "L. W. Hansen and wife, Berger, Norway," made on the register of the Stevens house, on lower Broadway, no one would supper the late of shipwreck as welrdly adventurous as any ever famely of the collection; a story in which W. Clarke Russell himself would all dark ended to the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch darkness of the night the came to the sum and found himself would shall shall be suppered to the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rocks of sum of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rock of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rock of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rock of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the rock of the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch and the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch and the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch and the pitch the pitch and the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch and the pitch and the pitch darkness of the night the came to the pitch and the pitch and the pitch darkness of the night than the pitch and the pit

capitaln's wife.

"From the 14th to the 17th." said the capitain. "there was a heavy fog, and on the 17th there was a strong wind with a rolling sea. According to our cast of lead and dead reckoning, we should have been from thirty to sixty miles off the Newfoundland coast, and the water, that had been 47 degrees, rose to 53 degrees, showing apparently that we were near the Gulf stream. I was running the steamer nearly parallel with the Newfoundland coast.

Breakers Ender the Bow.

WOMAN SAVED FROM A WRECK | MUD MADE HIS HAIR GROW. | SAW DEATH IN A VISION. | A moment later he leaned over the second time and fell into the water. He sank immediately, and it was not until half an hour later that his body was recovered. ecidental Discovery by a Drunkard

Causes Rejoicing by Baldheads. The following story, which appears al-most too wonderful to be true, is vouched

for by Whit, the versatile Susquehanna

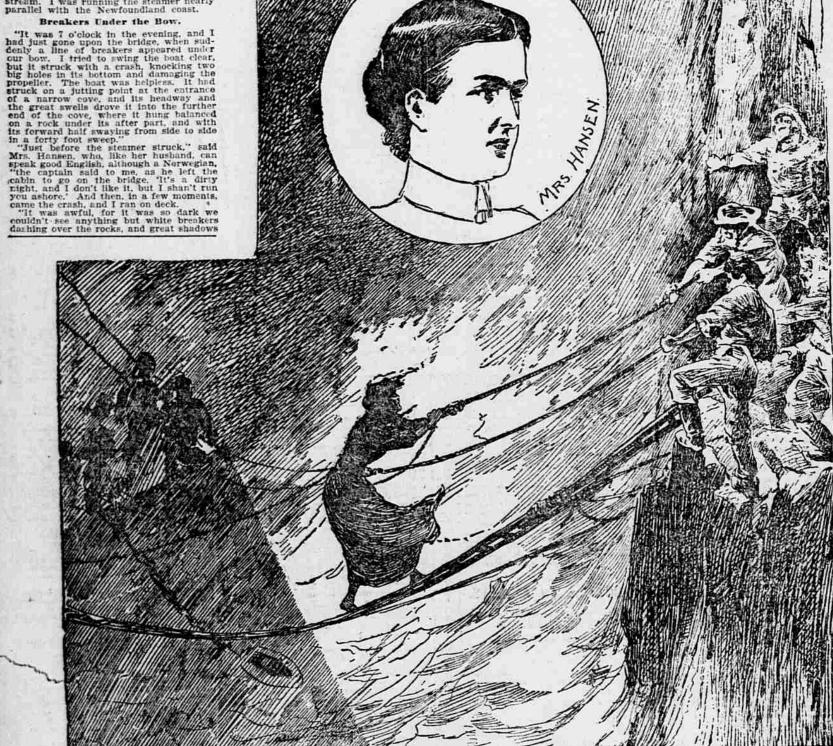
THE TAKING AWAY OF HIS CHIL DREN WAS FORETOLD.

Three of Them Have Passed Away and the Agonized Parents Dread the Future-Hypnotism Alleged

FLED FROM A DREAM'S TERROR Policeman Caught Mrs. Muller When She Fell or She Would Have

Been Killed.

Mrs. Muller is a nervous, delicate wom



A WOMAN SAVED FROM A WRECKED STEAMER

that we knew were cliffs. The boat swung from side to side like an immense pendulum. I said to my husband: 'Will we be drowned?' and he said: 'No,' and I knew he would get us all off safely.

"Then the captain told the men to bring out the ladders, They spliced them together, and they made a length of over thirty feet. They pushed the ladders over the rail at the prow, and a sallor stood ready to run ashore over them. There was no chance on the starboard side, for at each sweep of the pendulum the steamer went clese to a sheer precipice, but on the

each sweep of the pendulum the steamer, went close to a sheer precipice, but on the larboard side there was a narrow ledge.

"The sailor watched his chance, the line of ladders was laid to the ledge and he ran lightly ashore. There was a cheer, and another man stood ready, but he couldn't try it till the boat swung back again. Then he, too, ran and clambered ashore. They took a rope then and held it, and one by one the men went over whenever the

They took a rope then and held it, and one by one the men went over, whenever the boat swing to the right place.

"I was the thirteenth to go across, but the number wasn't unlucky. A rope was around my waist, but I felt afraid, for the water was dashing and surging just under me and the wind was blowing hard, and the ladders sagged and swayed. But I got safely over, and then the rest came, too.

"Although we were on land, we were in an unsafe place. The tide was rising, and we dared not stay there. The water rushed through caverns below and beside us, shaking the entire cliff.

Climbed Up the Cliff.

Climbed Up the Cliff.

"Then Jens Kleppe, who had first crossed the ladders, started to climb the steep cliff. He went up, now and then calling back to us. After a while he got to the tep. He tore most of his clothes into strips, made a rope, came down part of the way, and met another sailor. Then they got a rope up and ladders, and before midnight got us all to the top. Oh! it was awful, though! The steep cliff and the great waves, and the breakers, and the howling of the wind, and the wreck there on the rocks. When they took me up they tled a rope around my waist again. Part of the distance I clambered, and then I hung right in the air while they drew me up."

Nothing had been saved from the wreck but the chart and log, and an extra blanket for the captain's wife. Rain began to full, making the lot of the castaways more miscrable and extinguishing their fire. When mortaing dawned, an exploring party found not a single inhabitant on the island, and also reported that there was no water, except for a few rain pools. There were rabbits and birds for food.

They were on Great Island, off the coast of Newfoundland. It was a mile and a half

bits and birds for food.

They were on Great Island, off the coast of Newformdland. It was a mile and a half to the mainland, but a signal was fortunately seen by some fishermen, and the party were rescued. Mrs. Hansen, who had borne up brayely, and without a murnur, was black and blue from haying becausing against the rocks, and now that the swaing against the rocks, and now that the denrer was over, gave way to exhaustion. The party was taken to St. John's, from which point nineteen of the crew were sent back to Europe. Captain Hansen, his wife, with the mate, boatswain and a scaman, came to New York on the steamer Ceylon. The Eugenie was a total loss.

William Seeks Friends.

The Emperor William, of Germany, is widently in search of friends, for it is now said that he intends to visit the king of Belgium, and consequently the London Times is discussing Belgium's military possibilities, in the event of a war between France and Germany. The advantage which Germany would derive from marching her army through Belgium instead of forcing the line of French foris on the frentier would be very great, but Belgium's neutrality is guaranteed by five great nations in the protocol of 1831, and any breach of this neutrality would probably bring about a great European war. The discussion of the suestion, however, is an evidence that the breach between Germany and France is not yet healed. said that he intends to visit the king of

who were sensitive over the loss of their hair began to view it in a different light, and for the past two weeks about twenty of them have been wearing skull caps, in-laid with mud from Uncle Tommy's swamp. Several of them are now able to show heads covered with a fine growth of young hair. The owner of the marsh thinks seriously of inclosing it with a high board fence and putting the muck on the market.

LANGTRY IN AN ASYLUM. Career of the Man Whose Wife Has Become Famous in Two Hemispheres.

The sudden brenkdown of Edward Lang-

ry, the former husband of Lillie Langtry, strange and unexplained. He has always enjoyed the best of physical health, was an ardent sportsman, lived a great deal out of doors, and was temperate in his habits. Langtry was traveling from Cork to London. At Crewe, the great railroad junction, twenty-one miles southeast of Chester, he wandered from his train and was twice found in dangerous positions on the rails.

He appeared to be dazed and his face wounds by saying that in crossing the Irish channel he had fallen down a companion ladder and had badly injured himself. It is supposed that Langtry wandered about all night, for he was discovered in a cab yard in the morning. The unfertunate man was delirious, and during the afternoon he was taken before a magistrate and was committed to an asylum for the insane, pending inquiry into his mental

ondition.
Edward Langtry was born in Ireland and Edward Langtry was born in Ireland and to nee time was considered wealthy. He was of a quiet disposition and took his greatest pleasure in his books and country surroundings. Twenty-five years ago he married the beautiful Emilie Le Breton, daughter of a Church of England clerryman in the Island of Jersey. Langtry thought his happiness was complete. But within a few years, when his wife was introduced into society, he found himself undone.

soon she was the acknowledged favorite Soon she was the acknowledged favorite of the Prince of Wales. That was her hour of triumph and the first blow to her husband. Since then she has inflicted one after another. From the Prince of Wales she turned to Frederick Gebhard, who at one time was ready to marry her. After Gebhard came Sir Robert Peel and then Squire Abingdon. With Sir Robert Mrs. Langtry's escapades were limited to the Continent. With Squire Abingdon they reached from one hemisphere to another.

Mrs. Langtry began three suits for divorce, charging Langtry var.ously with crueity and abandonment. She claimed that he was living on money furnished by her.

In the drowning of Louis Diehl, a sallor in the United States navy, residing at Wapters, charging Langtry var.ausly with cruelty and abandonment. She claimed that he was living on money furnished by her.

During all this he remained silent, suffering deeply, but saying nothing which could harm his wife. It was not until a few mouths ago, when Mrs. Langtry sactured her California divorce for the avowed purpose of marrying Prince Esterhazy, that he spoke. Then he declared that he should never recognize the divorce, and this in his eyes, as well as in English law.

A French "Old Mortality."

Patriotic feeling has been aroused by the dash of M. Ziegelmeyer, who kept a hotel at Niederbronn, in Lorraine, M. Ziegelmeyer, who kept a hotel at Niederbronn, in Corraine, M. Ziegelmeyer was an "Old Mortality."

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Patriotic feeling has been aroused by the dash of M. Ziegelmeyer, who kept a hotel was torn away by the discharge of a cannon, inflicting a mortal wound. He said he thought it signified that he would be hurt or killed before the expiration of his service, but he did not withdraw his application for re-enlistment on the Indiana.

Diehl was at Hampton Roads on Sunday bidding goodby to old friends who were alout to sail away on the New York. He was not a free woman who thinks that the cook and the hought it signified that he would be hurt or killed before the exp

Ethel there was no answer.

"Where's Ethel?" asked Mrs. Mahoney of Frank, just as the father came home hungry for his supper.

"Oh," said the boy, "she's out in the swing. I called her but she wouldn't answer.

Mahoney ran out into the yard. There was little Ethel in the swing, dead. Her head was hanging in the noose that her brother had made. She had fallen into it in some way and strangled.

Tenderly the father lifted the little body into the house. "Oh, which one will be nightmare." into the house. next?" he cried.

DREAMED HE LOST \$300.

Then Stockman Reed Began to Shoot and Got Into Trouble-Money Under His Pillow.

F. R. Reed, a stockman from Culbert-F. R. Reed, a stockman from Culbert-son, Mo., awoke from a troubled dream dropped dead a few days ago, already talk was disfigured. He accounted for his at the Ross hotel, Chicago, possessed with of contesting his will and hypnotism is at the idea that some one had entered his room and taken from under his pillow \$300 which he had received from a sale of stock \$1.000,000, ten twenty-fourths of which are

the station.
He pocketbook, containing \$360, was

file pocketoook, containing found under his pillow.

Reed was not locked up, but was warned by the officers at the police station to start for Culbertson, Mo., at once.

DREAMED HE WOULD DIE. Sallor Was Drowned After Having a

Vision of Being Mortally Wounded. The drowning of Louis Diehl, a sailor in

the United States navy, residing at Wap-

could put his feet in and swing standing up. Little Ethel tried last Wednesday to swing as she had seen her brother do.

A big pail stood right under the swing and she climbed upon it. No one knows how it happened. Perhaps the pail was unsteady; perhaps the little foot slipped. At any rate when Mrs. Mahoney called for Ethel there was no answer.

"Where's Ethel?" asked Mrs. Mahoney of Frank, iust as the father came home in a heap.

in a heap.

The policemen were the first to rise—unhurt. They found that she was unconscious. Mrs. Muller was taken to a hospital. She suffered from nothing, save

HYPNOTISM IN A WILL CASE. Millionaire Morgan's Heirs Think a Favored Son Used His Power on His Father.

The heirs of Thomas R. Morgan, of Alli-

which he had received from a sale of stock the day before.

Without leoking to see if his fears were correct. Reed bounded from his bed, dashed out of the door and down the hallway with a revolver in his hand, yelling at the top of his voice.

When he reached the elevator shaft, the car was at the top floor, and Reed, thinking he saw at the bottom of the shaft the man who had stolen his money, fired three shots into the basement.

Mr. Morgan made a will bequeathing \$1.000,000, ten twenty-fourths of which are left to one son, W. H. Morgan. To each of three sons is left but one-twenty-fourth. These sons charge that W. H. Morgan haynotized their father and induced him to make the will he did make. It is a well known fact that W. H. Morgan has for a long time practiced hypnotism upon friends in Alliance, but always for their amusement.

the man who had stolen his money, fired have shots into the basement.

No one was on the first floor at the time but the porter and clerk, and they utried above and overpowered the imginative cattleman before he tried to hoot again.

He was held until policemen from the teck yards station arrived, and after his evolver was taken from him he was sent of the station.

THESE SHOULD NOT MARRY. Types of Feminine Loveliness That Are Much Better Off When

Single.

From the Philadelphia Times. The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket handker-chief, never made up a bed in her life.

adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was 15." The woman who would rather nurse ;

HEROISM, PRESENCE OF MIND

HOW A DETROIT MAN SAVED PRESI-DENT DIAZ' DAUGHTER.

A New York Girl Stopped Machinery as the Cogwheels Were Grinding Her Employer's Wrist-Tot of 5 Saves His Sister.

Charles Kennell, of Detroit, is a bluff, big-hearted Irishman. If he ever happens to be hard up for a little excitement, he can be met by a regiment of soldiers of the Mexican republic, and escorted in triumph from the borders of the country to the palace in the capital, by simply telegraphing the president that he is oming. And last, but far from least, in Kennell's opinion, he is the man who wears gold watch, set with a large diamond, valued at \$1,500, and inscribed as follows: "Presented to Professor C. H. Kennell by President Diaz, of Mexico, for saving his daughter from drowning, January 10, 1887."

It was one day in October, just ten years ago, when Kennell, who is an electrician, was crossing a long ratiroad bridge over the River Sabinas in the outskirts of the City of Mexico. About ten feet from him, slowly stepping from tie to tie, was a young girl. Suddenly she gave a little scream, and he saw her fall through the ties, striking her chin as she feil. Kenneli ran to the side of the bridge and jumped. It was thirty feet to the water, which was boiling and tearing along in a swift current. As he struck the water she came to the surface within reach of his arm He was cool, and his mind grasped the situation. If he had waited until she came up again, she would have been swept fifty feet down the stream. So he grabbed her and dragged her down with him. When they came up, the girl in a frenzy threw her arms about his neck and pulled him down.

her and dragged her down with him. When they came up, the girl in a frenzy threw her arms about his neck and pulled him down.

"I threw her off, and told her if she wanted to be saved to be quiet and hold on to my back. She was crazed, and I had to ask her again. The current was so swift that I couldn't do anything but drift with it, and that's the way it was for nearly half an hour.

"I'm a pretty good swimmer, but I was sure I couldn't keep that up much longer. We were pretty well into the town, and a lot of people were following us on the bank; but those lazy, cowardly Mexicans wouldn't do anything to help us, but kept yelling to me to keep her up till we reached a little foot-bridge nearly a quarter of a mile below. Well, sir, once I gave up all hope. We were about a hundred yards from the bridge, She got off my back again, and I was so exhausted that I was gasping. The only thing near to get hold of was a great, slimy rock sticking up right in the middle of the current. But when I looked close at it I began to pray in dead earnest. Every inch of the slimy surface out of the water was covered with water scorpions, and I saw some centipedes. You know what they are. A man might better die in the water than have the flesh rot off from him from a centipede bite.

"I got the girl on my back again. We somehow got to the bridge, and I hung on to a spike while they pulled her out. There were about 500 people there to do it, and I thought they made a good deal of fuss over her. A man who knew me, a telegraph operator, pulled me out and carried me to his home near the bridge, where I got dried up and slept three hours until time to take my train back to Piedras Negras, where my headquarters were. I took the train, thinking I had saved some poor girl, and mighty glad I'd been able to do it."

"When I got to Castano, about 260 miles from Mexico, and nearly half way home.

girl, and mighty glad I'd been able to do it."

"When I got to Castano, about 260 miles from Mexico, and nearly half way home, the telegraph operator came to the train with the message: 'Hold C. H. Kennell until we arrive.' It was signed by President Diaz. The operator, a personal friend of mine, said: 'For God's sake, Kennell, start now and get over the Rio Grande before they get here.' I knew I hadn't done anything bad, so I decided to stay. In about three hours a special train drew in, and a whole lot of officers of the army came out and took me aboard. I began to get pretty anxious then, for all I hadn't done anything; for you know a good many innocent men are, suspected of having done things.

done anything; for you know a good many innocent men are, suspected of having done things.

"Then they opened bottles of champagne and wine, and offered me some. I felt easier, because they don't do such things to a criminal.

"Well, the first I knew what it all was about was when we were nearly back to the city: I asked a man with a lot of gold on him what I'd done. Then I found out that the girl who was in the water was President Diaz' daughter, Antoinette.

"When we got to the city there was a regiment of troops there to escort us to the palace. When I went into the gate they lined up on both sides and saluted. I stayed that night at the palace and dined with the president and his family."

The next morning Kennell was taken to the Presidential hotel and kept there for fourteen weeks as the guest of the army, at the end of that time the gold watch was presented to him by the president. The watch is solid gold, and is set with a splendid diamond by Alphonso, the president's son, who is minister to England. The front case is set with the first \$20 gold piece which was ever coined in Mexico, and was taken from the pocket of Maximilian when he was captured.

SHE SAVED A MAN'S ARM.

Jennie Harrison, of New York, Reversed the Lever of a Machine in Time to Save Fagin.

The presence of mind of a young girl. ennie Harrison, saved a man from having his arm ground to pieces. There is a short n a dingy building on West Thirty-secon street, New York, where supplies for dentists are manufactured. Edward J. Fagin, one of the firm, has charge of a nachine for rolling gold into ribbons for dentists' use. The machine which he uses a combination of stout cogwheels and rollers. A belt furnishes the motive power



JENNIE HARRISON STOPPED THE MA-CHINERY AS THE COG WHEELS WERE GRINDING HER EMPLOYER'S WRIST.

Fagin stands over the machine and feeds the strips of gold between the rollers with his hands. Sometimes he is assisted in his work by Jennie Harrison, who has been employed in the shop for several years. She was up on the floor above the other day and Fagin was the only operator on the first floor. In bending over the machine the sleeve of a jumper he wore caught in the cogwheels.

He felt the clutch of the teeth and frantically tried to tear his sleeves loose from the cogs. He grabbed at the whirling belting. He screamed with pain, for the wheel had begun to grind his wrist. The cogs had caught him just above the hand.

The girl came down the narrow staircase from the second floor in about three steps, leaped over the railing and seized the lever of the machine and disconnected the belting. It was a thing easily done, yet the experienced operator who felt his arm being ground to pieces never thought of the lever, so great was his suffering.

The girl was calm and collected. The machine was covered with a trail of red, and the man's clothing was splashed with blood. She pressed her fingers about the bleeding wrist and dragged the half fainting operator out into the courtyard.

"You're all right now, Mr. Fagin," she said, in the most matter of fact way.

The engineer ran for a physician and despatched a message to the West Thirtieth street station to turn in an ambulance call. The girl, holding fast to the bleeding wrist, drew out her handkerchief, and made a kind of tourniquet by means of which the flow of blood was stopped.

A young doctor from the New York hos-

pital relieved her. "You ought to be a surgeon," he said. "You have saved this man's arm, perhaps his life.".

BOY HERO SAVES HIS SISTER. Though Less Than 6 Years Old, He Drags Her Through Dense

Smoke to Safety. Aaron Levay is only 51/2 years old, but he is a hero. He is the youngest life-saver in all New York. He rescued his baby sister, Lena, from the burning building, No. 313 East Seventeenth street, where they live



LITTLE AARON LEVAY CARRYING HIS SISTER FROM A BURNING HOUSE.

with their parents, dragging the child through blinding smoke to a place of

with their parents, dragging the child through blinding smoke to a place of safety.

The gray clouds which filled the big five-story tenement house were so dense that the boy could not see, but realizing the danger, he manfully groped his way through them, never losing his hold of the helpless five months' old tot. Half fainting and almost suffocated, he was found near the front door, too exhausted to go the few yards further to the street, his arms around the baby. "Don't cry. Lena," he whispered, "I'll stay with you, and papa will come and find us."

The father did find them, and not a moment too soon, for the little hero was almost unconscious when carried to the street.

most unconscious when carried to the street.

In telling of the rescue the boy said: "The smoke wouldn't let me see, but Lena cried, so I knew she was there. I felt all around until I found her. I tried to carry her, but she was too heavy, and we both fell down. That made Lena cry some more. I told Lena not to cry, but she did. The smoke shut my eyes, and went down my mouth. I cried, too, but I pulled Lena by the hand. She tumbled down, and I caught her dress and pulled that, and we got out of the room. There was lots of smoke in the hall, and I got tired. I couldn't pull any more. Then I sat down with Lena and I was getting sleepy when papa came."

HEROIC FARM HAND DIES.

Stopped a Runaway Team and Expired of Excitement, Near Cleves, O.

Eller Witzenberg, a farm hand for John Gosling, near Cleves, O., lost his life Sunday in a heroic effort to save the life of another. Witzenberg, with two other young men, was on the road when the team of John Sennikal dashed up. Witzenberg rushed out and leaping at the head of the horses succeeded in bringing them to a standstill. to a standstill.

In the excitement of getting the frightened party out, Witzenberg was overlooked. A moment later he was found by the
roadside dead. The excitement had brought
on paralysis of the heart.

BOY MAD FOR LEARNING.

Little Fellow Insane Over Failure of Chances for Education in

From the New York Press. seeing the great value of a cent, and feeling almost from birth how necessary it was that a boy should know things in or-der to become a rich man, little Romeo Weisenberg grew up with one great idea—

Weisenberg grew up with one great ideahe must get an education.

His mother urged him on in his desire.
Last year he had a few months of schooling and the teachers marveled at his quick
progress. This fall he applied early for admission into a school. Luck was against
him. His name fell among the unlucky
6,000 and he was turned away, with the
statement, "No room."

He had worked all the summer to buy
clothes for school, and was disappointed
bitterly. But, nothing daunted, he spent
his days, visiting influential men in his
neighborhood pleading, "Won't you get me
into school?" He even took to haunting
the office of the board of education, but
without avail.

without avail.

Sometimes he would stand outside the doors of a schoolhouse and beg some pupil to give place to him—which made him an object of wonder to the lazy ones. Again he would give his few coppers to a lad in return for a repetition of the lessons of the day. His mother would find him going to bed

crying, and to her chiding his only answer would be, "I want to go to school:" Lately he has been alternately sullen and violently he has been alternately sullen and violently lil tempered.

Yesterday he asked some children in the house where he lives, at No. 153 Ludlow street, to lend their school books to him. They refused. He sprang at them, snarling savagely, and clawing right and left. They fied in affright.

Ten minutes later Paul Weisenberg rushed up to Patrolman Buckridge in the street. "Come quick," he gasped, "my buy has gone crazy." has gone crazy."

has gone crazy."

Buckridge hurried to the flat. On the floor lay little Romeo, while two men knelt upon him. It took all four men to subdue the boy finally.

In the Bellevue insane payling he seemed rational. "Doctor." he said, "get me into a school, won't you? I'll do anything for you, if you'll do that."

A \$3 BREAKFAST FOR ONE. Its Basis Was Thirty-five Eggs Cooked in a Variety of

Styles.

A passenger on the early train from the North, said to be a blacksmith from Vul-ture, got into the Central Hotel restaurant ture, got into the Central Hotel restaurant half a dozen blocks away before some of the passengers had gotten out of the cars. When the waiter handed him the bill of fare he pushed it aside impatiently and demanded eggs, says the Arizona Republican. "Turn 'em over," he said. "How many?" asked the waiter. "Damficare," replied the Vultureite. "Say a hatful to start with." The waiter suggested coffee, bread and butter, etc., to which the man from Vulture carelessly assented, and added that a slice of ham might be thrown in to give the eggs a flavor. The first installment consisted of six eggs. They disappeared with a rapidity which would have discouraged the slow but painstaking hen. The egg order pidity which would have discouraged the slow but painstaking hen. The egg order was renewed, including more coffee and am. The second half dozen disappeared and

ham.

The second half dozen disappeared and another was ordered, until thirty-five eggs, fried, boiled, shirred and scrambled, had gone to satisfy an inflamed appetite. The last half dozen were eaten with rather less avidity, and the Vulture man explained to the waiter that his fondness for eggs had been born with him and was not an acquired taste. Eggs were not entirely unknown at Vulture, but he said they could not be obtained there in quantities worth fooling with, so he had caten none since his last visit to Phoenix. He made it a point to get down there every so often in order to give his appetite full swing.

The breakfast cost him \$2. The eggs alone at the prevailing restaurant price would have amounted to \$1.75. The other \$1.25 was made up of bread, butter and coffee and other articles thrown in to break the monetony of the breakfast.

Not Merely Figurative.

From the Cloveland Leader.

Maud.—"What a senseless remark that was of Mrs. Copleigh about girls marrying fellows to get rid of them. How could a girl get rid of a fellow by marrying him? That would be only making the matter worse."

Her Aunt Jane—"No; it isn't ridiculous at all. You'll find out some day, perhaps. Why, do you know, that before we were married, your Uncle John came to see me every evening at 7 o'clock, and never went away until il or thereafter? Now look at him. He's never at home between those bours."

"PAP" RAY WAS FOR FORTY-FI YEARS A RAILROAD ENGINEER

He Has Retired and, Although Ab 70 Years Old, Is Hale and Hearty -Boston Man Who Has Been a Policeman Fifty Years.

"Pap" Ray, who has been in the serv of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad since I ran his last engine into Chicago last F day. With two exceptions he was the lor est in the service of any other employ

est in the service of any other employ He started as fireman, and one year lathe was promoted, and since then he held the throttle.

In his railroad career of almost half century, "Pap" has never been employ on any other road than the Baltimore Ohio, has never been laid off or taken vacation. Only one time did Mr. Ray has a period of rest and that because of health. This happened during the striof 1894, and, as "Pap" expresses it, "it was good thing or I might never have live to serve the forty-five years on the road."

Upon his recovery he immediately sumed his work, and as Friday marked the forty-fifth year so did it mark the lattime Abram Ray will ever run an engine, "Pap" was one of the first men to run a engine into Chicago over the Baltimore Ohio tracks twenty-four years ago, I came from Wheeling, W. Va., where had goverened an engine for many year previous.

"I remember well the time when Gener

had goverened an engine for many year previous.

"I remember well the time when Gener Thomas moved his men from over the Pakersburg branch to Richmond," he sa speaking of his past experiences. "The was in 1883, and during the month 60,0 men were carried, and I worked overtin enough to make a month of lifty-one day instead of the regulation thirty days. Wonly had about four hours' sleep a da and not that much many times. I to the first trainload of soldiers out of Whet ling, W. Va., for the campaign. They we of the Sixteenth Ohio and the First Viginia regiments.

"During all my years of service I ha

of the Sixteenth Ohio and the First VI ginia regiments.

"During all my years of service I had but one accident, It was in 1862, and causi by what is commonly known as a 'lap or der.' It was between Fairmount and Farrington, in what is now West Virginia. M train and one coming from a cross-trac collided because of wrong orders having been given as to time and meeting plac. It was pretty serious, too. One man with badly burned and several of the cars we destroyed. I leaped from the engine at fell into a river, escaping without a bruis That was the only serious incident of n career as an engineer. My experience halways been my greatest pleasure to m The road always treated me well, and was never subjected to irksome discipling When I wanted to go home I went, at



ABRAM RAY.

when I was ready to run my engine it w ready for me."

Abram Ray may be old in years, but is young in looks and actions. He is energetic as a man of 25, and walks wi a firm, quick step, which is far from a dicative of a life of 68 years.

FIFTY YEARS A POLICEMAN John M. Penniman, of Boston, Con pletes a Half Century of

Service. John Moulton Penniman has just roun ed out half a century of continuous ser-ice on the Boston police force, and ha received one stripe in addition to the nit he has worn for the past five years. Mr. Penniman began his service in 184 when he was a young man of 25, noted f his strength and activity, and now, at the age of 75, he still has the build of an at lete. He is deep-chested and broad-shou dered, and erect as a young man of 2 His silvery beard and hair are close cropped, his features clear and well cu and he has the massive neck that shou

and he has the massive neck that shou go with such generous proportions.

Fifty years' experience with evildoe has not diminished the old gentleman faith in the good intent of mankind; large, and his face is as pleasant and h disposition as kindly as ever.

When Sims, the fugilive slave, was captuered in Boston, Penniman was on dut, with other officers remaining the great part of the night to prevent mob violenc and when the court decided that the slav must be sent back to bondage, the who police force was called out. Under the protection Sims was taken to Long what and placed upon the brig in waiting, am a storm of hisses from the crowd which has gathered.

Three years later there was an outbrea at Charlestown state prison, and amor others Penniman volunteered to go, re maining forty-three days on guard.



that time, the excitement at Charlestov that time, the excitement at Charlestow was intense. Warden Tenney and Depu Warden Walker had been assassinate within a week by Convicts De Cata at McGee. De Cata died in prison and M Gee was hanged. Officer Penniman with the Conviction of the Market of Market and Market of Market and Market of Market of

SHE FORGOT THE MRS.

Two Right Good Little Stories Abo Maids and Maiden Numes.

The story or young woman wound up her letter to a friend withwound up her letter to a friend with—
S.—I forgot to tell you I was married,
matched, says the London Relegraph. M
Kate — of Beifast recently consented
adopt the name of 1 gentleman friend, a
so they were married. She is in Dub
now and is stopping at the Gresham hot
The other day she made some purchast
and in going home she said: "You ma
requent
send them home for me, Miss Kate — McGresham hotel."

She had reached the sidewalk before sh
and on
The collected that she had given her maide
recollected that she had given her maide
way, send that package to Miss Kate — and in
care of Mrs. — Gresham hotel." And sh opporcare of Mrs. — Gresham hotel." And sh opporswept out of the store as if she had been sing
married fifteen years.

Choosing His Time.

Choosing His Time.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Charley—"So you've declined to ask Misself Dallington's father for her, have you? Be George, you have more courage that I gav you credit for."

Fred—"Courage? Why, I think no more of facing that man to-day than I would the were not half as large as he is."

Charley—"I'm astonished."

Fred—"You see he's laid up with a severatiack of gout."